THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A Chronicle and Review of the Doings of the Day, at Home and Abroad.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 26. SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1870. Price TWOPENCE.

Here and There.

H. R. H. the Prince of Wales is expected to visit Ireland shortly.

The Prince of Wales arrived at Lincoln on Wednesday evening, at 5.45, by Great Northern Railway, on a private visit to Mr. Chaplin, the Master of the Burton Hunt. Mr. Chaplin and the Mayor of Lincoln were on the platform to receive his Royal Highness.

The Duke of Richmond has accepted the leadership of the Conservative party in the House of Lords.

Mdlle. Hortense Schneider is about to appear at Dublin in several of her well-known characters, the *Grande Duchesse* of course being among the number.

Une coquille monumentale retrouvée dans un journal :

"M. Dupin qui a prononcé un violent réquisitoire au Sénat sur le 'luxe *éphryné* des femmes.'"

The Inman Company's steamer, City of Boston, which has been nearly six weeks out from New York, and which had been almost given up for lost, has been spoken off the Irish coast. Her long passage was occasioned by injuries to the engines which prevented her using them.

Barbara Ubryk, the nun of the Carmelite Convent at Cracow, whose case created such a sensation last summer, died on the 24th ult. in the Hospital of the Holy Ghost in the above city. She was buried privately, in order to prevent hostile demonstrations on the part of the people.

Propos d'ivrogne.

"Eh bien! t'es pas honteux de te mettre tous les sours dans c't état-là, tu ne peux pas seulement t'tenir jur tes jambes."

"Laisse-moi donc tranquille, ma femme, j'suis pas plus fautif que l'gouvernement; lui non plus, n'peut pas s'équilibrer!"

"There was once on a time," says Cornelius O'Dowd, "a grand jury in a western county of Ireland—Mr. Justice Keogh can correct me if I be wrong in calling it Clare—who, having occasion to make a presentment for the erection of a new county gaol, accompanied their vote with the recommendation 'that the materials of the old gaol should be used in the construction of the new, but that the old building was to stand, and be used for the confinement of prisoners till the new gaol should be ready for their reception.' Now, though I am far from any intention of comparing the Irish Establishment to a prison, yet I cannot help feeling that the sage resolution I have just quoted seems to be exactly the sort of resolution passed with reference to the new Irish Church."

Qu'apprends-je? grands Dieux!

Aprés huit jours d'union, la fille d'un riche lord Anglais demande séparation de corps:—

"Et de biens?

"Et de —maux.

After an immense amount of doubt and confusion, it appears that the Tipperary boys have elected Mr. Heron as their representative. Mr. Kickham worked like a horse, but his rival went like a bird.

The Marquis of Hartington and Earl Spencer have been elected by the committee members of the Reform Club.

Père Hyacinthe has been relieved of his monastic vows. This pink of preachers will now bloom as a secular priest, under the title of l'Abbé Loyson.

OH, INDEED!—"Lord Disraëli, dont la santé inspirait à ses amis de France et d'Angleterre de vives inquiétudes ces derniers temps, est aujourd'hui complétement rétabli. Il a reparu au Parlement."—*Authority*, "The Gaulois."

While the green-room was ringing, the other night, with the success of the great Boggle's new play, the low comedian of the company caused the wildest excitement by the announcement:—"I have a little unpublished thing of Mr. Boggle's in my pocket." "No!" said the manager, breathlessly; "You don't say so: let's look at it." And, taking the M.S. from his employé's hand, he read as follows:—

"LONDON, *4th May*, 1869.

"Three months after date I promise to pay to S. Israel, or order, the sum of twenty-five pounds, value received.—CONSTANTINE BOGGLE."

"How old 's that horse?" asked a buyer of a "gossoon" who was leading a big son of Smallhopes at Ballinasloe.

"Risin' five, yer honour."

"Are you sure?"

"Faix, Surr, I have it from the baste's own mouth."

Le Président.—"Vous avez été ramassé, la nuit, ivre-mort, sur la voie publique; il parait que vous n'avez pas de domicile. Quel est votre état?"

Le Prévenue.—"Buveur."

"Ce n'est pas un état."

"Pardon, mon Président, c'est un état d'ivresse."

Conversation vraie (demandez à Dorine).

"Bonjour, chère madame, je vous ai aperçue hier avec un monsieur que je ne connais pas."

"C'est mon mari."

"Ah! il est de retour?"

"Oui. Comment le trouvez-vous?"

"Bien; seulement il m'a paru qu'il avait le nez de travers."

"C'est, sans doute, qu'il faisait beaucoup de vent."

The curiosity of the masses is not always a tribute to superiority. The *bœuf gras* is always surrounded by an admiring crowd, yet the ox is ass enough to eat hay.

Man proposes, and—woman accepts.

Il n'est bruit que du duel de M. de la Chaise, ce lieutenant qui s'est battu pour l'Impératrice, là-bas, en Afrique, et qui est sorti vainqueur d'un combat des plus *singuliers*.

"C'est bien heureux que ce jeune homme ait percé son adversaire," disait un journaliste ministériel.

"Pourquoi cela?" demanda un irréconciliable, en fronçant les sourcils.

"Parce qu'il eût été ridicule de voir M. de la Chaise *percé!*"

"Devilish awkward," said a gay attorney's clerk; "here have I promised to go to the ball marsk at 'Ighberry as Punch, and now my aunt's dead."

"Go as *Punch* with a mourning border," suggested a friend.

"What do you think of this wine?" said old Guttleton (Ex-Deputy-Collector of Lungoorabad) to Guzzler, Q.C.

"Perfect, exquisite, divine!" replied the legal *gourmet*, passing on the flask.

"You said this of the last—a much finer wine."

"No; *but I didn't send it round.*"

Un pochard sortant du bal masqué à l'heure où les balayeurs commencent leur besogne, s'adresse à l'un d'eux.

Avant de balayer, attendez donc que je sois dans le ruisseau; je demeure en face Pégoût, vous me ramènerez.

COOK.—"What would you like for dinner, ma'am?"

MISTRESS.—"Hm! Er-r—"

MASTER (firmly).—"Pork, and nothing else!"

MISTRESS.—"I thought you didn't like pork, my dear."

MASTER (fiendishly).—"I detest it; but your mamma dines with us, and *the sight of it makes her ill.*"

During the recent match played between Cook and Dufton at Aylesbury, the champion made the largest break on record—417, including 137 spot hazards.

Il n'est pas hors de propos de rapporter l'incident suivant, qui s'est passé l'autre soir au Grand-Hôtel, dans un banquet Américain:

Un Américain se leva et dit:

"Je bois au beau sexe des deux hémisphères!"

Un de nos compatriotes, M. le comte de La B——., se leva à son tour et porta le toast suivant:

"Et moi je bois aux deux hémisphères du beau sexe."

The Journal de Paris contains the following highly sensational report of a supposed trial in London, which it relates in perfect good faith:—

"A very sad drama has just received its *dénouement* before the London tribunals. A portrait painter, named George Hammard, was accused of the premeditated murder of a tumbler named George Baldwin. He did not deny the charge, but narrated in the following terms the circumstances under which he committed the crime:

"'Three years ago my daughter, four years of age—sole *souvenir* which remained to me of a dear wife whom God took to himself—disappeared. What I have suffered, gentlemen, I cannot describe and you cannot understand. I spent in advertising and searching for my lost daughter all I possessed—furniture, pictures, down to my very clothes—all were sold. During three years I have walked on foot all over the three United Kingdoms (*sic*) in quest of my daughter; and when, by painting portraits, I found myself in possession of a little money, hardly earned, I returned to London to recommence advertising in the journals.

"'At length, on the 15th of April last, a Friday (*it was Thursday*), I passed through Smithfield Market at the moment that a troop of mountebanks were performing their exercises. A girl was doing a tumble, her legs in the air. A ray from the soul of her mother penetrated doubtless to my soul at the precise moment, for I at once recognised my long lost daughter in that creature! Yes! It was my poor child.

"'Influenced only by my despair I threw myself upon the leader of the band, raised him in the air, and let him fall to earth. He was killed!

"'But you do not yet know the full extent of my misery. I found my daughter, but alas! she was no longer pure and angelic as in past times. Her manners, her language, were infamous, like those of the people she had been living with. She did not recognise me. Even I did not recognise her. Now do you understand? The man I killed robbed me of the love and the soul of my daughter, and I—I only took his life.

"'George Hammard was acquitted.'"

Indeed!!!

"Scène de la halle au gibier, sténographiée pour la Gazette générale" du *Petit Moniteur*.

Le docteur F... fait son marché.

Mame Perdrichon.—"Trois francs et les disse, j'surfais pas d'un liard, parole d'honneur!"

Le Docteur.—"Donnez! donnez!"

Mame Perdrichon.—"Sans tiraille? Ca va donc bien la petite mort, à c'te semaine?"

The German papers report the following singular occurrence:—Some time ago a middle-aged man entered a gambling saloon at Kôethen, in the principality of Anhalt. At length he won 11,000 ducats, but on his attention being called to the money he made no response, and one of the attendants going to him found him sitting dead in his chair. The croupier at once retired the money on the ground that there could be no contract between the dead and the living. The relatives of the deceased have taken an action for the recovery of the money.

An improved cab has made its appearance in the streets of Edinburgh. The *Scotsman* describes it as consisting of a brougham body ou four wheels, but resembling the London hansom in having the driver's seat placed behind in an elevated position, so as to give him full control over the horse. The vehicle is constructed to carry four persons. The front part being entirely of glass, affords those inside a full view of everything in front. In the roof is a small opening with a lid to lift up, so as to give passengers an opportunity of communicating with the driver.

Hier, à midi, un journaliste de la presse irréconciliable passait sur le boulevard Montmartre, á la hauteur des Variétés; il est dépassé par l'une des plus jolies actrices de Paris qui, ayant retroussé sa robe pour monter en coupé, laissait voir un bas d'une blancheur éblouissante, recouvrant une jambe faite au tour.

"Oh! la jolie jambe! fit-il trois ou quatre fois de suite."

Impatientée, la jeune et belle artiste lui dit en se retournant:

"Mais, monsieur, j'en ai deux!"

In the House.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 25th.—The evening's sitting was, as usual, inaugurated by the customary cross-fire of questions and answers—we were going to say "cross questions and crooked answers," but that such a description might appear disrespectful to the Legislature. Mr. S. Beaumont asked the Chancellor of the Exchequer a question, of which he had given private notice, viz., whether he was accurately reported to have said that he was not in favour of commercial treaties or of their negotiation. Mr. Lowe complained (rather disingenuously as it seemed to us) that he had not received notice. Mr. S. Beaumont said that, as the right hon. gentleman had not received notice of the question, he would take an early opportunity of asking his master (Mr. Gladstone) what *he* thought of the policy enunciated by his Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Mr. Fawcett ventilated the question of throwing open the civil and diplomatic services to competition, and Mr. Goldney that of the present condition of the royal forests, both motions being eventually withdrawn. Mr. Bourke called the attention of the House to the law in respect of stamps on leases, in the course of the debate upon which it seemed to be generally admitted that the Board of Inland Revenue had either for some years past been making a gross blunder in the exercise of their functions in this respect, or that they had been aware of, and taken advantage of, an error in the original Act of Parliament, either supposition being in no way creditable to the Somerset House authorities. Sir J. Hay tried to steal a march upon Mr. Childers by asking a question as to the discharge of naval officers employed in the Coast-guard, and was followed by Mr. Dalrymple and the Hon. W. Stanley. Mr. Childers complained that Sir J. Hay had requested him to postpone his statement on the Navy Estimates from Thursday till Monday, which he consented to do, and had taken the opportunity of interposing on Friday with a question which was involved in the consideration of the Navy Estimates. He would, however (and did), answer the question in a way which, we hope, made Sir J. Hay feel ashamed of his manœuvre. Mr. Newdegate, with regard to the case of the convict for murder, Michael Atkins, challenged the exercise of the prerogative of the Home Secretary in commuting the sentence from that of death to one of one year's hard labour; but Mr. Bruce satisfactorily explained that what he had done had been with the entire concurrence of the judge who tried the case, and Mr. Newdegate's Bill of Indictment consequently fell to the ground. But it would certainly appear that both Mr. Bruce and the late Mr. Justice Hayes were of opinion that trial by jury is an obsolete institution, and that verdicts delivered by twelve good men and true are not worth a rush in comparison with their own opinions. The House went into Committee on the War Office Bill, and the Coinage Bill and Clerical Disabilities Bill were respectively read a second and a first time.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 28TH.—Inasmuch as the Lords sat for only three quarters of an hour, it may be safely taken that the amount of work accomplished was not overpowering.

In the Commons, the interest of the evening was centred in the Navy Estimates, which Mr. Childers brought forward in a plain matter-of-fact way, without much attempt at rhetorical display. Sir J. Hay seems to have constituted himself a thorn in the side of Government on naval affairs, inasmuch as he attacked Mr. Baxter twice during the debate with considerable acrimony, and, we may add, effect also. On the first occasion the House was entertained with what is known as the "anchor story:" how, Aladdin-like, the present Administration sold new anchors for the price of old; how they found out their mistake, and had to pay £1,600 to get them back; and again, how, when in Opposition, Mr. Baxter had charged the late Government with waste in selling old iron ballast for so little as £4 a ton, and that he had himself sold 17,000 tons for half that price, and how having sold the old ballast at an alarming sacrifice, there was to be found in the Navy Estimates a charge for the purchase of new.

Mr. Baxter made an heroic attempt to be funny over the subject of the anchors, but he could not disguise the fact that Messrs. Shaw and Thompson had made an excessively good thing out of their business transactions with the Government; that by a "*lapsus pennæ*" (loud laughter) on the part of the Controller of the Navy they had got possession of new serviceable anchors instead of old iron; and that the same firm had bought for about £1 18*s.* nett Secly's pigs, which Mr. Baxter not so long ago, in his place in the House, had declared worth from £4 to £5 per ton.

Lord H. Lennox said it was more like a "*lapsus poundæ*" than a "*lapsus pennæ*"—a shocking bad joke, but good enough for the country members, who laughed in a most obliging and gratifying way at his lordship's wit. Mr. Childers then introduced his statement, and piled up figures upon figures in a bewildering way. Economy! economy! economy! This was the key-note. Sixty-one thousand men and boys were wanted for the navy in the coming year: a lower figure than any year since 1858-59. The estimates amounted to £9,250,000, or £750,000 less than last year, and £1,700,000 less than the year before. Our dock-yard establishments were to be cut down, and the discharged artisans shipped off to Canada. A scheme of compulsory retirement was to be put into force for all ranks in the service. Our fleets were to be kept at sea, and not in port. But withal, efficiency would be maintained.

Mr. Corry replied at great length, disputing the practicability of such economy combined with proper efficiency. He chaffed Mr. Childers on his amateur command of the fleet, and said it was lucky no ships had been lost, or the First Lord might have been tried by court-martial, and sentenced to be dismissed Her Majesty's service; and concluded in general terms by expressing his disapproval of what he styled the "wretched economies" of the estimates, and of many of the changes the Government had wrought. Mr. Baxter made a happier attempt this time at defending the Admiralty policy than when previously responding to Sir J. Hay; and, after a short debate, the vote for wages was taken for £2,692,731 for 61,000 men and boys for the current year.

TUESDAY, MARCH 1ST.—Lord Redesdale moved the first reading of a Bill to amend the Irish Church Act. (That seems to be bad workmanship which requires tinkering so soon.)

The attention of the Lower House was absorbed by a motion on the part of Mr. Torrens, calling the attention of the Government to the expediency of emigration as a means of relieving the distressed condition of the working classes, and decreasing pauperism. A somewhat uninteresting debate ensued, which was only relieved from absolute monotony towards its close by a concise speech from Mr. Gladstone, who characterised Mr. Torrens' motion as an ambiguous resolution capable of dangerous interpretation, and to which he respectfully, but most distinctly, declined to accede. As a consequence of this declaration, need it be added that Mr. Torrens was defeated by an obedient majority of 105 in a House of only 201 members.

Mr. Maguire moved and carried the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into the operation of the Act providing for Religious Ministrations in Prisons. It was at this juncture that a ludicrous incident occurred. On Mr. Speaker having to put the question, it was found that the soporific effect of the debates had been too much for him, and that Mr. Speaker had been taking forty winks.

Ash Wednesday.—At the brief morning sitting the only matter worth recording was the defeat of poor Mr. Plimsoll's motion to compel railway companies to provide hot water-bottles in their carriages. A foregone conclusion, we should say; or we should next be having a proposition from some honourable member to compel railway companies to provide cigars and hot brandy-and-water—a demand which might be made with equal show of justice.

Thursday, March 3rd.—The Lord Chancellor moved the second reading of the Naturalisation Bill amid general expressions of approval from both sides of the House.

Mr. Heron took his seat in the House as member for Tipperary, *vice* O'Donovan Rossa disqualified. The Army Estimates came on for discussion: reduction was again the order of the day. The decrease in money on last year being 2,361,800*l.*, and again we are asked to believe in the perfect maintenance of the efficiency of the service, notwithstanding a partial modification of the purchase system which Mr. Cardwell said, "*no fellah could understand*," is to be introduced in the abolition of the payment for first commissions. Sir J. Pakington replied, as in duty bound; but was compelled to admit the measure to be clear, able, and comprehensive. The only point he found occasion to attack was the reduction in the number of soldiers; since it appeared that in fifteen months no fewer than 24,000 men, or one-sixth of our entire military force had been struck off, which he was of opinion was inconsistent with a wise and far-seeing policy. In the end, the vote for 4,771,900*l.* for pay and allowances, and for 1,760 men of the Indian army to serve in China and the Straits was taken, and the House shortly after adjourned.

INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

No. 4.

FROM MISS MINNIE DASHWOOD TO MISS NELLIE FERNLEAF.

MY DARLING NELLIE.—Thank you so much for your dear letters. Ah, you have no idea how much I stand in need of sympathy just now. To be blighted at twenty! To feel at that early age that one has nothing left to live for! Is it not shocking? And yet it is just my case. Oh, be warned by my fate, Nellie, and think twice, or oftener, before you give your heart to any man. I told you that I loved Major Bell—it was true. Heaven only knows how fondly I loved that man! But it is all over now. I will give you a brief account of the last scene we had. I told you that papa had declined to allow us even to be engaged on £400 a-year. We did not mind that, and for some weeks were true to each other. Imagine my astonishment, darling, when one morning Major Bell told me that his conscience reproached him, and that he did not think this sort of thing was *right*. He said that though an orphan himself, he knew well the duty of the child to the parent—the sacred duty, as he feelingly expressed it. Could he marry me against the wishes of my father? Could he allow papa's grey hairs to go down in sorrow to the grave? No, he could not. (As if anybody had ever asked him to!) And he felt that he must sacrifice himself: he was used to it, he added, and one sacrifice more or less did n't much matter. In vain I told him that I thought his conduct absurd, irrational, and weak. He said—No. If there was one thing he respected, it was the holy tie between the parent and the child. He would make one last attempt; and if that failed, he trusted he knew his duty as an officer and a gentleman. Well, we had a solemn interview with papa. "Mr. Dashwood," said the Major, "I am come to make a last appeal." "I am very glad to hear it," growled papa. "I am a soldier," continued the Major—"a plain soldier"—(on the whole, dear, I think he *is* rather plain—but that is not his fault, is it?)—"and I come to ask a plain question. Am I to understand that you are not in any way prepared to sanction a matrimonial alliance between your daughter and myself?" "I am as plain as you are," returned papa—(and that's quite true, dear)—"and I have only this to say:—You tell me that you can scrape together £400 a-year. If you think, on consideration, that that is enough to keep a wife and family on, to say nothing of yourself, as comfortably as you could wish, I, on consideration, will offer no further objection. Mind, I shan't give her a penny, and you will have to find the *trousseau*." The Major looked at me tenderly—oh, so tenderly!—for a moment, and then said: "Mr. Dashwood, I applaud your candour. Your manliness and honesty convince me that I should do a double wrong if I were to deprive such a daughter of such a parent. Men have called me giddy and thoughtless. I am neither. I would not doom your child to a life of poverty—I trust I am not so selfish. In your favour, sir, I solemnly renounce her. I return her to your arms; and I wish you a very good morning. Bless you both!" He placed his hand before his eyes, and

rushed out of the room; and, a moment afterwards, I heard the hall door bang behind him. And I have never seen him since.

It was very noble of him, Nellie, was it not? and very grand! But, somehow or other, now that he has gone, I don't know quite what to make of the Major. I know he thought papa was rich, and would give me on my marriage at least ten thousand pounds, besides a proper *trousseau*. But this final disinterestedness and appreciation of filial duty and parental candour rather astonished me, as I had never heard him talk in that sort of way before. Still it was very kind of him to think of me as he did, was it not? On the whole, I am not quite sure that we were altogether suited for each other. Perhaps it is as well as it is.

Was there anything odd in the papers last week and the week before, darling? Papa and mamma kept the *Times* and the *Post* entirely to themselves, and would not allow me to read either. I suppose they have been saying something in the Economical Council at Rome that was not fit for young ladies to read. What a funny set of people all those Bishops must be. I hope they have not been saying disrespectful things of dear Dr. Cumming. I remember hearing him lecture once about a Scarlet Lady. I suppose he took his idea from Mr. Wilkie Collins' delightful novel, "The Woman in White." Good bye, darling Nellie. I am sorry for Major Bell's disappointment. But we must expect disappointment in this world.—Your loving

MINNIE.

P.S.—If there *was* anything odd in the papers last week, *do* tell me all about it.

Our Prize Rhymes.

PRIZE WORD—No. XIX.—VIOLET.

She drew forth her dial, it
Needed no key,
Was enamelled in violet,
Cost three pound three;

Had run a good trial at
Bink's in the Strand,
And was bought by Miss Violet
Cheap, second-hand. TICKER.

Let others sing and sigh; oh, let
Me gently glide along
With thee, the modest violet,
The burthen of my song!

To other bards who try—oh, let
The Muses never yield!—
To laud, before the violet,
"The lilies of the field."

E'en when the rose is nigh, oh, let
Its blush be laughed to scorn,
To know, unlike the violet,
It's ne'er without a thorn.

And, when the flower shall die, oh, let—
What death can never kill—
The perfume of the violet
Long linger with me still! CALDBERGH.

When the old-fashioned dial let
The hour of four be known,
In silken dress of violet
She met her swain alone.
Said he, "From Love's own phial let
"Us sip of bliss intense;"
She answered, with a sigh, "Oh, let
"Us talk a little sense." ESSENCE.

If its *little leaves* we style
Leaflets of the fragrant violet,
A rock from "*Scio's* rocky isle"
May be fitly called a *Sciolet*.

In ink of brightest violet
Write Viscount Melbourne's words,
Who always used to cry, "O let
Well alone, my Lords." FIGS.

If I had lots of gold,
I'd go to Covent Garden,
Where flowers rare are sold,
And lay out every "*farden*."
Gold on top of gold,
I'd not forget to pile it,
Until—a buyer bold—
I'd purchased every violet. W. G.

You say you cannot choose a flower;
Why ever don't you try? oh, let
Your steps direct you where some shower
Hath raised a fresh-born violet!
Its beauty, with its scent combined,
Will soon decide your doubting mind. EULIE.

I stole a kiss from Violet,
That best of girls by far,
Although she cried out "Fie! oh, let
Me go, I hear papa!" TRIPLE HARP.

Iö loves Vio to distraction;
Alas, he does not own one farthing!
How, then, can Fate poor gallant Iö let
Woo, win, and wear gay, thoughtless Violet?

Vio loves Iö, balls, and races;
She dotes on pearls, knick-knacks, and laces.
Shall he her other loves annihilate—
Woo, win, and wear a wiser Violet? WELKNOW.

A critic, whose name was unknown,
By his satire had made many foes;
Yet his fame had so rapidly grown,
That he always looked "*couleur de rose*."

But, detected and brought to his trial, eat
His words—namely, owned 'em untrue;
And, exchanging the rose for the violet,
In other words, NOW he looked "blue." BINA.

To change red hair to raven's hue,
I washed my head with dye. Oh! let
Intending dyers come and view
My crop, which now is violet. WOOD GREEN.

THE EXILE.

I heave a sigh! Oh, let
Me seek, once more,
The modest violet
I so adore!

Home would I fly, to let
These aching eyes
Thee, humble violet,
Again surprise! EXILE.

Sweetly the singing bird warbled his song,
Down where the babb'ling brook rippled along,
And many a flow'ret Dame Nature display'd,
Basking in sunshine or nestled in shade;
And softly the perfume was wafted around,
Where woodbine and eglantine's fragrance abound:
The lily, so spotless, so chaste in attire;
The primrose, all meekness, bloom'd forth 'neath the briar;
And proudly the foxglove aloft rear'd its head,
As if in disdain for the lowlier bred;
And yet 'mong the fairest there's none I so pet
As the modest, the simple, the sweet violet.
SWEET WILLIAM.

His dogma, proud Pope Pio let
Proclaim with great ability:
Not modest as the violet,
He claims infallibility. PIO NONO.

My thoughts are intent
On the subject sent—
Or, rather, are bent
To the prize now meant
For he who can 'vent
For the stanzas in Lent,
Or plant redolent
With odours aye blent,
To mar* a good scent,
When, in the full swing of the fox's chace,
The hounds are well pack'd at a clipping pace.

Your rule is inviolate,
"Hark back" to the violet!
Well, let lovers repose
On a seat where the rose
In its rich perfume blows;
Be mine, then, more true,
The sweet-scented blue
Small flower which grew
Where, in rapture of mind,
On a bank I reclined
With—you never will find
The name of my love, to whom I did cry, "Oh, let
"Our lives be linked! nay, why heave that sigh, O pet?
"Grant me one token—the sweet-scented violet!"
HAWK.

* The violet was supposed to spoil the scent, so that hunting ceased when the flower appeared.

TO THE VIOLET.

Hail to thee! thou pretty flower,
Bringing to me childhood's hour;
When with swift, untiring feet,
I would seek for thy retreat,—
Seek! oh, earnestly indeed!
Up the mead and down the mead,
Nor pass thee by, O little flower, sweet violet!

Hail to thee, thou modest flower!
Thou 'rt not found in gilded bower;
No! the hedge-row is thy home.
Under heaven's own sunny dome,
Hanging down thy lowly head,
Pillowed on soft grassy bed,
Thou lov'st to lie, O little flower, sweet violet! APOLLO BELVIDERE.

A MATCH.

(*Vide* Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads*, p. 119.)

If you, love, were a violet,
And I, your love, an onion,
Your breath might be the sweeter,
My savour were completer.
And strongly I would sigh, "O let
Me not be wholly undone!"
If you, love, were a violet,
And I, your love, an onion.

If you, love, were a violet,
And I, love, wore a nose,
We two, no longer single,
Perfume and breath would mingle—
The motto "*Non tristi olet*"
Enlarged between my brows.
If you, love, were a violet,
And I, love, wore a nose.

If you, love, were a violet,
And I, love, were a goose,
If when we were together
I plucked out a *pen*-feather
And filled with rhymes a quire, let
Us calculate the use.
If you, love, were a violet,
And I, love, were a goose. ANADILUS.

With Bob Arran, two lusty lads, I ween,
I met a gay cabriolet;
The horse was white, the cab itself was green,
With bands of blue and violet.

"Yo-ho, hi-hi," these eager boys now cry,
"Good cabby, stop—this trio let"
(Tom Bett he called himself) "ride in your *fly*,"
"And me," cries Bob on high, "O let

"Ride on the box beside your great big boots"
(The boots were of the high-low set).
The man replied (intent on Latin roots),
"Yes, surely, *caro mio*, get

"Inside or out, just as you please, my boys;"
And, while his gay flageolet
Rung out a merry cheer-ho, set
Off at full gallop, with a thundering noise,
While Arran cried, "O fie, O Bett!"

MORAL:

Avoid all saucy charioteers, my friend;
Make your boys walk in dry or wet;
They'll take no harm, and at your journey's end
You'll find your purse *inviolate!*" SOX.

Said William to Jane, with a sigh, "Oh, let
Us exchange some small pledge of our love!
Pray accept, dear, this sweet-scented violet,
And give me that lavender glove."
OVIDIUS MINOR.

Competition Papers received from—Tip; Vainhope; Moor; Rival; Trab, Trab; Spot Stroke; G.; Moll; A. A. P.; W. J. D.; Carloss.

PRIZE WORD—No. XX.—MERCY.

☞ The prizes will be open to general competition among all comers, upon the following conditions:—The rhymes must be fair and honest, with no admixture of cockneyism, Yankeeism, or vulgarism of any sort. They must be framed in a couplet or stanza, which shall be constructed with due regard to the laws of grammar and prosody, and present some approach to a meaning.

*** All the competing papers must be anonymous, but each distinguished by some initial or epigraph; which the winner should reproduce when claiming his prize, to prove his title thereto.

Papers must be sent so as to reach the *M. A. T.* Office not later than Thursday noon.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SYCOPHANT.—Figuratively, we suppose. Your prospect looks more dry than green.

C. NORMAN.—*Rebeck* would be a suitable name for the filly; or if that is too antiquated, *Jew's Harp*.

RITTMEISTER.—We consider Mr. F. Allen, of Seymour Place, Bryanstone Square, the best riding-master in London. You may send your sons to him with the certainty of their being thoroughly well taught.

VESPERTILIS.—Cannot you send us some cricket news instead? you should be good with the bat.

S. P.—We have the highest respect for Ned Wright, and decline to make him the subject of a stupid joke.

MANCUNIAN.—Honour and glory to the second and third, but the Blue Riband only to the first.

SHEIK.—We have not yet seen the gentleman you mention, but do not think his views coincide with your own on the point to which you refer. When we can do so safely, we will answer your query more explicitly.

THE THEATRES—THIS EVENING.

DRURY LANE.—Phobus' Fix—At a Quarter to Eight: Peep-o'-Day.

HAYMARKET.—Popping the Question—At Twenty Minutes to Eight: Our American Cousin—Deaf as a Post. Seven.

PRINCESS'S.—Formosa—After Dark. Seven.

ADELPHI.—Blow for Blow—At Nine: Not Such a Fool as He Looks. Seven.

LYCEUM.—Twenty Minutes with a Tiger—At a Quarter to Nine: Chilpéric. Seven.

OLYMPIC.—Little Em'ly—At half-past Nine: The Princess. Seven.

GLOBE.—If the Cap Fits—At Half-past Seven: Philomel—At a Quarter to Ten: Lord Bateman. Seven.

ST. JAMES'S.—She Stoops to Conquer—At a Quarter past Nine: La Belle Sauvage—An Unhappy Pair. Seven.

STRAND.—The Heir-at-Law—Toodles—Ino. Seven.

PRINCE OF WALES'S.—Dearest Mamma—At Eight: School—Quite by Accident. Half-past Seven.

GAIETY.—The Happy Village—At a Quarter to Eight: Uncle Dick's Darling—At a Quarter to Ten: Wat Tyler, M.P. Seven.

NEW QUEEN'S.—Quick March—At a Quarter past Eight: 'Twixt Axe and Crown. Seven.

The Man About Town.

SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1870.

THE commencement and end of the Season are relative terms, changing their significance in different mouths, and meaning something very different, probably, to my neighbour from that which they express to me. BOREAS GABBLER, M.P., associates its duration with that of the session; the possibility of anything going on after he has risen to move the adjournment for the last time being to him mere childishness. The opera furnishes another convenient measurement much in use among the Leicester-square and Soho circles, where Signor PAPADIGGI eats his macaroni, and the Academy and Exeter Hall have each a numerous following which believes in the supremacy of one or the other of those institutions over all other landmarks. His order-book is a safe guide for the tradesman; and MARY JANE, the housemaid, marks the rise and fall by the greater or less leisure and inclination manifested by Mr. ALUM for flirtation at the area-gate. A certain test is the appearance of a hack brougham with both windows down, and a highly-coloured general officer, with his cocked-hat on his knee, very visible within. There be some who date from the letting, and some from the taking of houses; some—managers chiefly—from the filling and emptying of similar establishments on a larger scale. Prison life is not, I apprehend, affected much by the facts of the session or of Her Majesty's drawing-rooms; and Messrs. SLOMANOCH and LEVYBUB have, thank heaven! no longer any *data* by which to mark the fluctuations of the prisoners, captives, and strangers within their gates. An artless, but not ineffective method, is to date the inauguration from the first warm day, and the closing scene from the collapse of the last fiver. But this is, of course, available only to those who *have* fivers—a limited and enviable class. I may mention that my indications are furnished by my doctor, who gives me three minutes in May, increasing the dose, by progressive spoonfuls, up to half-an-hour in September, and is, in this respect, a perfect seasonometer.

By whatever test that may be applied, we may be pretty clear that one of the great epochs referred to has, at this present writing, occurred—that the Season, in all its expensive finery, has made its *début*. The opera has not yet thrown open its hospitable doors, but it is being swept and garnished, druggeted and tapestried, and will put forth its list of newly-caught lions in a day or two. Pictures are being finished and varnished, and will soon have to "go in;" and old ladies, even now, are sharpening their umbrella-points and airing their pattens for their annual pious struggle in Exeter Hall. Strange figures in wild uniforms and helmets, unknown to HART, have stalked solemnly down St. James' Street, and carriage-loads of beauty and valour have been deposited at the gates of the most inconvenient royal reception-rooms in Europe. Sunshine has come at last, illuming even the precincts of Lincoln's Inn, and flecking legal head-dresses with a ray of natural brilliancy not their own. Finally, my doctor turned me out yesterday with all my uncatalogued woes locked in my breast (what a chest-complaint!), and made quite a merit of writing ten words for a guinea, which he knew——. But, however, the Season is upon us. Happy those whom the advent of the exacting monster finds prepared! Even the best accoutred may have cause for apprehension in such a presence. Even *I* look at my brilliantine, my de Guiete polish, my Ylang-Ylang, and tremble.

Beyond the narrow escape Tipperary has had of being represented by Mr. KICKHAM, the past week has had little to disturb the current of its political life. There is a rumour—how true I know not, but widely disseminated—that the Irish "Extreme Left" has reconsidered its promise, implied or expressed, to support Mr. GLADSTONE's Land Bill. It is now stated, that unless the Ministry is prepared to import so many millions of L.L. whisky, and confer a peerage on Mr. KINAHAN, the E. L. will oppose that measure tooth and nail. The measure to be two gills, or no bet. Statements to the effect that the Infant Claimant to the Wicklow Peerage is now asserted to be a changling procured from the workhouse, the progeny of a lady bearing the appropriate name of BEST; and that the brewers have protested, in a chorus led by a fine Bass, against the existing "poll-tax" on their craft, comprehend, I believe, all the graver, extra-political news of any importance during the same period.

Dramatic novelties are almost confined to the appearance of legitimate drama—if *Othello* deserves that name—at Astley's, where may now be seen as good an *Iago*, and as bad a *Cassio*, as may be met with from here to Venice. An entirely new burlesque, entitled *Black Eyed Susan*, is drawing crowded houses to the Royalty; and *Peep-o'-Day* has dawned again at Drury Lane.

Flushed with his solid French success, Mr. HOLLAND has been erecting *châteaux en Espagne* with the usual result. A regular bull-fight (which would draw, there can be no doubt, like a blister) being, in consequence of the Lords of the Privy Council, Mr. LOVE, and the *Times*, an impossibility in this free country, the proprietor of the Canterbury Hall determined on presenting us with a burlesque copy, from which all danger, excitement, or interest should be carefully eliminated. Accordingly, he imported bulls—the smallest and most affable of their kind—chulos, piccadores, banderilleros, matadores, and all the paraphernalia of the arena; and with strict and most humane orders that no one was to excite himself, catch cold, or get out of breath, let loose the breathless spectacle upon Islington. The infuriated animals trotted placidly round the enclosure, occasionally dropping on their knees, or endeavouring to climb the barrier like tame cats, exchanged friendly greetings with the chulos, and ultimately left the ring, with the matador's deadly rosette quivering in their spine, in the lowest spirits. The audience laughed, chaffed, hooted, and displayed its various moods in rather a disparaging manner, considering, it seemed to me, the whole affair humbug. And I must say that, on this occasion, I said (in my sleeve) "ditto to Mr. BURKE."

THE CASE OF BRIDGET McINTYRE.

WE alluded, some five weeks ago, to the working of the new Bankruptcy Act. We pointed out to our readers the stagnation in business that would inevitably result amongst shopkeepers, and the want of a medium course to settle the real point at issue, viz., the punishment of the fraudulent debtor, and he who becomes bankrupt through unfortunate failure in business or through the dishonesty of others. The subject admits of such wide and lengthened argument that our space would not permit us to enter upon the question; but the case of Bridget McIntyre, in the Crown Court at Durham, on Friday last, brings another phase of the matter before us.

It appears that this poor woman's husband had got into difficulties, a matter quite easily to be imagined from the poverty and starvation amongst the lower classes that meet us at every street-corner. After taking the well-known articles, that made that little home comfortable, one by one to that sink of iniquity, the receiving house; after poverty had walked in at the door, turning the cheerful, hard-working man into a drunkard, and the loving, good-natured wife into a perfect virago; whilst the husband was abroad vainly seeking for something to do, in order to provide subsistence for his wife and child,—another phantom appears, to add to the general misery, in the shape of a bailiff! He applies for what he knows there is not; he must, therefore, distrain. But there was nothing to take, or next to nothing. Bailiffs are, however, not to be denied; he sees a cradle in the corner, the only article of any value that the poor mother refused to part with, since it sheltered her child. She had borne hardship and hunger rather than part with it. He asks for the cradle, and is indignantly refused: she tells him to take everything else, but not to touch that which shelters her babe. What! a valiant bailiff set at defiance by a woman? The blood of all the bailiffs boils within him: he snatches the cradle up and passes it to his assistant. The mother, with all her wrongs and afflictions fresh upon her mind, with hunger gnawing at her heart, is driven to the verge of madness at such inhuman brutality; she seizes a rolling-pin, and strikes George Vasey, the bailiff, on the head, the result of which is that he dies six days after, and the unfortunate creature is called to the bar of Justice to answer for her act.

There is not a man's or woman's heart in broad England but that must have blessed Mr. Justice Willes when he pointed out to the jury what was not only the law of the land, but also the law of God and humanity. The question naturally suggests itself to us,—*Is this an isolated case?* We fear it is but a too oft repeated act in every district of London. The more so as, to relieve the want of the deserving poor, we should require many more Marquis Townshends than unfortunately exist.

It would appear, then, that since, by the Act doing away with the imprisonment for debt, that some other means must be resorted to by these gentry for keeping up the *prestige* of their loathsome occupation. The same sporting individual who used to touch his hat with a "Beg pardon, sir; but shall I call a cab?" is now transformed into a sort of appraiser of second-hand furniture. They imagine that the fact of having to arrest the person of a debtor, involving, as it very often did, unpleasant altercations—where the gentleman of Bream's-buildings did not always have the best of

it—required a certain amount of delicacy. The same rule, however, could not be applied to an arm-chair, which though it has, usually speaking, four legs, cannot use one of them to kick the intruder down stairs. Apart from this, however, it was never the intention of the law that anything like brutality should accompany the carrying out of its objects. Debt, unless fraudulently contracted, is no sin; but absolute poverty, it would appear, is a great crime against humanity, since the unfortunates who are suffering from the disease have not only no hospital to go to, but are too often treated even far worse than the convicted felon.

The Grumbler.

CAN it be believed that the "First Legislative Assembly of the World" was on Wednesday occupied for hours discussing the important question of—what? The welfare and well-being of hundreds of millions of our Most Gracious Majesty's loyal subjugated subjects in the East; or the difficulties of Irish landlords and tenants; the Spanish Tornado question, or the long-pending, never-ending Alabama affair? No? What were they occupied about, then? Why, a question of warming-pans—yes, warming-pans. Why, gracious heavens! when before was the peace and quietude of a senate ever disturbed by a question of a warming-pan, which, as Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz very happily remarked, "is a useful, and I may add comforting article of domestic economy." Why did not the House afterwards go into the matter of chops and tomato sauce? No, really, while so many important questions remain to be discussed, argued, and settled, it really does appear an outrage upon all common sense that such trumpery as that brought before the House the other day should have pre-eminence, and while really vital matters to the welfare and well-being of the nation are lying fallow and unattended to. That every railway carriage throughout the kingdom, of what class soever, should be provided during all inclement weather with foot-warmers is reasonable and rational enough, and of which there can be no possible question; but that the matter should be a subject for legislative discussion is simply absurd. How, then, should it be managed? Why, like all other minor railway details of similar character, left to the good feeling and common sense of the railway directors themselves, who are certain, ultimately, to find that attention to the convenience and comfort of their passengers will best insure success and good dividends to them and their undertakings. Not much progress has been made as yet with the new Cab Regulations? Should rather say not; and, what is more, there is not likely to be, either in the cleanliness or decency of such vehicles or civility and demeanour of their drivers until a good and well-directed company takes the affair in hand. Ought to have those pretty and convenient open vehicles called "Victorias," the same as they have in Paris, and have had there for years? Of course, we ought, and for the very reasons that they are pretty and convenient, and would be a boon eagerly sought after and patronised by the public generally, we are certain not to have them. The fact is, "what is everybody's business is nobody's" is an axiom long since admitted, and never, perhaps, better illustrated than in the momentous question of cab and comfort conveyance. Take your stand at the entrance of any hospital in or about London, and the chance is fifty to one that, before ten minutes have elapsed, a cab will drive up to the door, conveying some unfortunate patient, sick and suffering from some such contagious disease as scarlet fever or small pox. Note the number of the cab; the improbability is not very great that, a couple of hours after, you might find yourself in the self-same vehicle, hurrying to a friendly dinner-party, or to join some party in a box to witness the interesting performance of *Uncle Dick's Darling*. No, really, such a state of things, in such a metropolis, is truly abominable, and the sooner that some enterprising parties start a well-organised cab company the better. Would be certainly remunerative? Why, of course, it would be remunerative—at all events, has been so abroad. What the public really require they are always ready to pay for, and the Metropolitan Underground Railway is the best proof of the hundreds—nay thousands—who are hourly desirous of being commodiously and swiftly transmitted in every direction throughout the metropolis. Well, surely, such a company must soon be started? Let us hope so, at all events, and the sooner the better. Must own that the Patent Safety is not a bad kind of conveyance? Must I?—well, I don't. Patronised by royalty? Is it? Well, I hope royalty won't meet with the same ill-luck that befel myself last week. Listen—

I took a cab, and ran some
Risk, as you'll hear, by a patent Hansom;
The horse was forward on the knees, and stumbled;
The driver pulled the reins—they broke—he tumbled.
The cab collapsed, the folding windows dropped,
And through the panes of glass I quickly popped;
Up came the crowd of giggling, gaping asses;
The cab was broken into sticks and *fasces*;
I found myself upon the horse's head,
Scarce knowing whether I was alive or dead.
Once on my feet, I straightway hailed a four-wheel,
Judging that Hansoms are for woe, not for weal;
And, at my journey's end, I learnt to know
That Growlers are both filthy, impudent, and slow.

THE FAST GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

AIR—"Chickaleary Cove."

I 'M a fast girl of the period, with my one, two, three,
All opinions of the public I 'm for scorning;
And I do not care a straw, so don't say any more,
But keep your jokes for girls who mind a warning.
As for decencies of life, and such trash when one 's a wife,
'T is time enough to think of all such folly;
But 'twixt I, the post, and you, the best thing is to do
What one likes, which is so awfully jolly.

I 'm the fast girl of the period, &c.

I scorn to use such trash as Madame Rachel's wash,
Rock dew distill'd, sent over from Sahara
On fast-trotting camels' backs, druv by Ethiopian blacks,
As sworn to by that clever party, Sara.
My hair I dye, 't is true, of a titivating hue,
And my boot heels are high and Louis Quinzee;
While my chignon round I roll my nobby little poll,
And I can dance the "Can-can," as you should see.

I 'm the fast girl of the period, &c.

My dress, you see, thought fast, above what is called short,
And I toddle 'mong the swells of Rotten Row, sirs;
And I 'm not averse, indeed, to whiff the fragrant weed
Of an evening, when I dance at Casino, sirs.

For I 'm the fast girl of the period, &c.

The Man Abroad.

KUSTENDJIE, ON THE BLACK SEA.

AFTER a stormy passage, we arrived here in twenty days from Cardiff. I was the only passenger, and our crew consisted of twenty-one hands all told. As I have said, we experienced very severe weather; but one night was so fearful that I shall ever have it in remembrance to the last hour of my existence. With a falling barometer and the wind and the sea rising, the captain—a fine specimen of a north-country "sea-dog"—determined to have the ship "hove-to;" and all through the dreary watches of that awful night there we lay pitching and tossing in such a fashion that one, at least, on board most devoutly wished himself back again in his own snug chambers in town.

The sight that presented itself when I emerged from the cabin was one that once seen can never be forgotten. Words are powerless to convey a notion of the gigantic breakers "curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them, with deaf'ning clamours, in the slipp'ry shrouds." As one after another came down with a frightful crash on the poor little "Jubilee," they shook every bolt and rivet in her from stem to stern. How miserably puny seem man's efforts in the face of Nature when she rouses herself and asserts her terrific powers! What made our situation so exceedingly perilous was being in close proximity to a dangerous shoal of sunken rocks not far from the Sicilian coast. I thought of Gay's lines;—

"How can they say that Nature
Hath nothing made in vain,
Why, then, beneath the surface
Should hideous rocks remain?
No eyes the rocks discover
That lurk beneath the deep,
That wreck the wandering lover,
And leave the maid to weep."

I was no "wandering lover," nor could I lay "the flattering unction to my soul" that any maiden fair would drop a tear on my account; but the idea of being swallowed up in the boiling waters was, to say the least of it, anything but a "happy thought." But, thank God! "after night smileth morning;" and when the day broke, and the sea moderated somewhat, the captain determined to run before the wind; so, hoisting all the sail we could, and putting on full steam, we forgot our troubles of the previous night in the thrilling enjoyment of rushing through the furious waters at a great rate—at one moment sent aloft high on the summit of the billows, and the next lost to view, deep in the midst of their gaping troughs.

Kustendjie dates its foundation from the time of the Crimean war. Before that period, but a few huts stood where now a railway terminus and many stores and dwellings attest the fact that considerable business is carried on during the season. The Danube and Black Sea Railway is the cause of its rapid growth. This line, forty miles in length, connects Tchernerova, on the Danube, with the sea, and by this means the corn and grain is transmitted from the fertile plains of Roumania to the vessels ready to receive it in Kustendjie harbour. A considerable saving of time is thereby effected, and if it were possible to improve the harbour, a greater amount of business would no doubt be carried on.

Quite an English colony exists here; the employés of the company are, for the most part, our countrymen. The natives are a mixed breed of Bulgarians, Tartars, and Circassians, the latter being far superior in intelligence, but all are dirty and filthy in the extreme. They sit for hours on the wharf, waiting for hire, in a sort of gloomy abstraction, scratch, scratch, scratching, ever and anon gazing with placid satisfaction on the innumerable species of vermin with which they abound. "They are worth thousands," as the mate remarked to me.

The railway passes through nothing but treeless, sandy plains. Here and there are to be seen small Tartar villages, consisting of a series of mud huts surrounding a well placed in the centre. The natives decline patronizing the railway; they prefer jolting along in a cart drawn, in a very primitive fashion, by mules or camels, to a ride in a comfortable second or third-class carriage.

A few miles from Kustendjie there are two large fresh-water lakes within a few feet of the sea. They abound with myriads of wild-fowl, amongst which the stork stalks, monarch of all he surveys; for no one dare touch that kingly bird, as he is considered sacred by the natives, which is a very pleasant idea for Mr. Stork. Game of all kinds is very plentiful, especially partridges, and shooting is about the only amusement that one can go in for in this almost savage region. In the course of time Kustendjie may become a thriving town, but certainly not until the "sick man" has put his house in order and paid his debts.

PARIS, *March 3rd.*

FOR Rochefort, we have had Amurat IV.; for Jules Favre, Port Said, as the interesting topics of conversation. To use plainer language, the Carnival, such as it is, has for the moment put politics in the shade, and given a rather lighter turn to conversation than it has taken for a long time. Not that political envy, hatred, and malice, is dead, or even sleeping, but merely—to use a Yankeeism—recuperating. But for the last few days we have been delivered up hand and foot to the more harmless *journeé* of the *Bœuf Gras*. The procession to the sacrificial altar may have its attractions for the crowd,—does, if the number of spectators be any criterion,—but I must confess to being, *taut peut qu'il soit*, tired of the dreary repetition of gods and goddesses, of *blanchisseuses* dressed for the evening, and the mythological cars which contain them. The Lord Mayor's Show

would, no doubt, for dreariness and imbecility, make a race with it—for the *bêtise* of the principal performers in it no doubt win easily—but taking them all round, I think we could just win. You will perceive in the above sentence a strange frequency of racing slang; you must excuse it, for Rochefort and races opened the steeplechase season last Sunday, and they have been mixed up in my head ever since with the Carnival; I know not why, unless it be that the assistants at the former play no inconsiderable part in the latter. It is not to be expected in such inclement weather as that of Sunday, that there would be a very large or distinguished assembly, such as would fill with joy the correspondent of the *Daily Dirtpie*, who would have exclaimed, *quorum pars magna fui*, and have hinted at the importance of an accidental communication that his excellency the Ambassador of Pr—s—a made him, when meaning merely to have said, "We dine at eight this evening instead of 7.30." The purely sporting division, however, mustered in some force, including an English contingent, who seemed determined to make up for their enforced idleness on your side of the water. As for the sport, the less said about it the better, as it had no bearing on the result of the Liverpool Steeplechase, which is, I can assure you, looked forward to with almost as much anxiety in Paris as in London. Let me hope that the Sporting Man who attempts to unravel that labyrinthine thread, may be more successful than in his earlier efforts this year, which are not calculated to make him a tower of strength to his poor worshippers.

I feel so gay, as a young Frenchman (or rather Pole) used to be in the habit of saying when he reached the friendly shelter of a *cabinet particulier* in the Maison d'Or—often the Grand Seize—where his friends, in the shape of three clever Englishmen, one of them a doctor learned in the law, had undertaken to instruct him in the noble game of chicken-hazard. No doubt he felt gay at the prospect of becoming proficient, even though it cost him *mainet* silver and gold, in so great a science. I believe, as a matter of fact, he did find it rather expensive to obtain his diploma, but he did get it, and had reason to feel so gay. So I, too, having seen the Carnival, from afar off having beheld the Princess Mathilde, always leaning on the arm of a cadet of the House of Lauzun, (or Levi, is it?) as she gazed from her balcony on the motley crowd at her feet, feel, or ought to, so gay.

Amongst other proofs of the growing appetite for anything which is likely to annoy the powers that be, is the success of one madame Bordas, of whom few, doubtless, of your readers have ever heard, and whom I hardly know how to describe, otherwise than as a kind of tragic Theresa. This charming citoyenne is to be seen and heard at a *café-chantant*, in the Faubourg St. Denis, where she nightly warbles, or thunders, as the case may be, her melodies to an audience chiefly composed of the constituents who own Rochefort for a representative, The *Gardense de Dindus*, and the *Pred qui l'mue*, are of course discarded, and their place taken by such morsels as *mon âme et Dien*, *la Canaille*, &c. Citoyenne Bordas is not without a certain amount of talent. The Marseillaise, which she sung at her first few performances, has been placed in the *index expurgatorius* of the authorities, why, I cannot imagine, for the theories and *bontades* which she pours forth in the above-named pieces are far more outspoken than anything in that very much maligned ode. I have no doubt but that Citoyenne Bordas (who, by the bye, hails from Marseilles,) will become notorious, if not famous, perhaps supersede, in the estimation of the *voyons*, Citizens Flourens, Budaille, or Rochefort. She may, perhaps, be the voice crying in the wilderness, to prepare the way for woman's suffrage, and entry to the chamber, and displace the deputy of the first circumscription or Yamletta. I think it is Mr. Jacob Bright, (brother to Bright, if the expression may pass muster,) who is working that idea with you. Cannot a marriage between the pair be contrived with Citizen Gladstone as papa, and Beales and Finlen the grooms of honour? I can see the grave face of the Editor as he reads this nonsense, and determines to at once romove my name from the list of contributors to *The Man About Town*. But pardon me, O Wing, it is, or has only just ceased to be, Carnival time, and besides, as "who drives fat oxen should himself be fat," so when one talks of French and English "citizens," represented by Gambon and Gladstone, Bright and Budaille, one is apt to be a little—well, wild.

The Sporting Man.

THE TURF.

THE racing this week at Nottingham has been of a character decidedly superior to that at Lincoln or Derby, although not possessed of more than passing interest, if I except Primrose's performance in the hurdle race. Sycee was made a tremendous pot for the Nottingham Handicap, but never was in the race, which was won by Mexico, after a good struggle with Ben-An, one of Captain Machell's nurslings, to the paternity of which, however, I cannot swear. Speaking of this confederacy, I hear that Sir Geo. Chetwynd, who races under the assumed name of Mr. Mortemer, is about to marry the Marchioness of Hastings, who has made it a *sine quâ non* to her consent that her second husband shall give up all connection with the turf—not an extraordinary condition when one remembers from whom it comes—so that we may shortly expect that Messrs. Tattersall will aim another blow at the Upas-tree of Newmarket. I notice that Perambulator won a race in good style, and I have an idea that this gentleman is a great deal better than people generally give him credit for being. Windsor had two days' steeplechases on Monday and Tuesday, most of the events being for horses belonging to officers of the Household Brigade; but there was nothing which requires comment or criticism. The attendance was of course exclusive and select—the Prince of Wales on the first day, with Prince Christian, being among the visitors; while on the second day Her Majesty's carriage was drawn up at a point which commanded a good view of two or three of the jumps; and Her Majesty seemed to study the card with apparent interest. The Hertfordshire Hunt Meeting calls for no remark at my hands, so that I may at once proceed to deal with the Liverpool programme for next week. There are, I believe, one or two other fixtures, including one of those suburban abominations at Streatham, but nothing which can pretend even to mediocrity in the presence of its great rival. So that ensconced in a particularly comfortable room at that most comfortable of hotels, the Adelphi, I launch my first great *ordonnance* of Lent *urbi et orbi*.

THE LIVERPOOL SPRING MEETING

will suffer little in comparison with the other early fixtures from the restrictions placed on two-year old racing, as they were never an important item in its programme, although the Tyro Stakes have more than once introduced a promising *debutant*, notably when Lady Clifden, Big Ben, Dundee, and Little Lady ran their great race. The programme, even in its present incomplete state, is a very promising one, and many of the events, both on the flat and across country, bid fair to furnish some interesting contests. First on the card for Tuesday is the Annual Hurdle Race (Handicap), with 53 entries, including many of those engaged in the great race of Wednesday, to wit, Pearl Diver, Lord Raglan, Lymington, Brick, Despatch, Fan, Thalassius, Cristal, Bombastes, &c. Of these, perhaps, Pearl Diver and Brick may alone come to the post. Hammerton, 10st 12lbs, and Summertime, 10st 10lbs, of the others, are kindly treated. Cristal, with only 10st 7lbs, would be, very properly, made a great favourite were he to run, but as that is not very probable in view of his position in the market for the steeplechase, my fancy leans most to Brick, and in his absence to Pearl Diver. The Molyneux Steeplechase, over two miles and a quarter, is looked on as a kind of trial for the big race, being for horses that have never won a steeplechase worth 100 sovs. Cristal, 12st 7lbs, is top weight. In his certain absence, Proserpine seems a good investment. The Spring Flying Stakes is not an easy nut to crack by any means, but Perambulator, with all his extra weight, will take a great deal of beating. The Mersey Cup may fall to Mr. Brayley's share by the aid of Lily.

On Wednesday the Sefton Handicap is the first race complete for criticism; and here again Perambulator looks formidable, but will not, I think, give the weight to Wave, who is capable of better things than she accomplished last year, though it will be remembered that her two sole victories were scored over this course in the autumn. For the Hurdle Handicap Plate there are forty-six entries, of which Cristal, 11st, Goodfellow, 11st 7lbs, and Nun, 11st 7lbs, take my fancy most; the second of these at least being likely to run, as he is not engaged in the Chase. I will dispose of the ten items complete for Thursday, so as to wind up with the absolute winner of *the* race printed in big capitals at the bottom of my letter, so that no one may have the excuse of saying that he missed seeing it. The Sefton Steeplechase has an excellent entry, but will be somewhat discounted in interest probably by the result of the previous day's race, as so many of the Liverpool horses are entered for it. In any event, Roving Maid, who won it last year, must be very dangerous; and Mr. Welfitt has a capital second barrel in Tathwell, as far as present appearances go. Brick, too, with 11st 8lb, is by no means out of it over this course (2¾ miles), but I would sooner row in Mr. Welfitt's boat. For the Spring Cup there is an acceptance of 22 out of 56 subs., which is reduced by one through the withdrawal of Winifred. Several stables are represented by more than one animal, the Machell firm having Romping Girl, Robespierre, and Acaster; Wadlow, Curio and Free Trade; Peck, Silenus and Fleets; and Mr. Brayley, Lily and Ecarté. From this lot the winner is pretty certain to spring; and, although there is no betting to show stable resolutions, I think that Free Trade, with 6st 1lb only (the weights having been raised 5lb) will render a good account of himself.

I now come to the most terrible task of all, that of analysing the masterpiece of Mr. Topham's 1870 handiwork, so far. In the *Man About Town* of the 11th December last I stated that Captain Machell's horse (Gardener) and last year's winner would repay an investment, a fact which is not, I think, possible of confutation. One of these, The Colonel, I recommended on the 5th February, in my cursory remarks on the acceptances for the Spring Handicaps, which had then just made their appearance. With him I coupled the Lamb, for whom, by a printer's error (they seem to do nothing but make errors), Nuage was substituted. The latter has since been scratched, and the former, I fear, is very cloudy. The Colonel, however, maintains his ground with firmness, for his slight retrogression during the past few days is probably owing to the amount of money put on other candidates, and to that alone. It is not necessary for me to go through the whole list of probable starters, the most conspicuous of whom will, doubtless, be The Colonel, 11st 12lbs, whom George Stevens will ride; Mr. Brayley's fleet; The Doctor, 11st 7lbs, with George Holman up; Alcibiade, 10st 12lbs (Colonel Knox); Hall Court, 10st 12lbs; Tathwell, 10st 12lb; Lord Raglan, 10st 12lbs; Gardener, 10st 12lbs; Lymington, 10st 12lbs; Primrose, 10st 12lbs; Q.C., 10st 10lbs; Guy of Warwick, 10st 8lb; Surney, 10st 4lbs; Honolulu, 10st; and Lord Poulett's pair. Mr. Crawshaw will doubtless have the mount on The Sheep—The Lamb I should say—if he starts; but if not, he is likely to ride Guy of Warwick. Mr. G. Ede will doubtless be on Cristal. Of this lot, The Doctor, 11st 7lbs; Tathwell, 10st 12lbs; Primrose, 10st 12lbs; Gardener, 10st 12lbs; and Cristal, 10st 6lbs, seem, hormis The Colonel, the most dangerous; but as I cannot, like the firm of Augur and Hotspur, recommend your readers to back them all, I must see whether there is one of the first five capable of beating The Colonel. I think not; for the Doctor is, in my opinion, not quite so good over this long and distressing course as over a shorter distance. Of Primrose's real form one can do no more than guess, for though she has run her races this year in good form, she has not met anything of sufficient calibre to fairly test her merits. Tathwell, Mr. Welfitt tells us, hit his leg last year. *Qui a bu, boira.* Gardener is not, I think, fast enough to quite win, and although he meets The Colonel on 14lb better terms than last year, the most I shall expect of him is to win his backers' place money. Cristal has never travelled over a country in public, and for that reason it would be rash to stand him this year, though I hear that he is a magnificent fencer, and his speed is, I well know, very great. For his real owner's (not Lord Poulett), sake I should be glad to find myself mistaken, but I cannot think that at the first attempt he will at once leap to the top round of the ladder. In fine, I cannot come to any other conclusion than that George Stevens will steer THE COLONEL to victory a second time in succession, and that GARDENER will again get a place, still further reproducing the likeness of last year's contest.

FORECAST.

THE LATE BARON NATHANIEL DE ROTHSCHILD.

WITHIN the last few days Baron Nathaniel de Rothschild has died in Paris. In his young days the Baron was a most fearless rider, and not to be stopped by any fence so long as his horse could go. The Vale of Aylesbury was then a rough country indeed, and was not gated as at present, nor was there a bridge over every brook. But Baron Nathaniel cared nothing for falls, and twice in one season he swam the canal between Tring and Aylesbury. Being passionately

devoted to hunting, and with unlimited means at his command, and, moreover, being able to ride a good horse when he had got one, Baron Nathaniel was the owner of many good hunters. Amongst his best might be named Rouge, that carried him brilliantly in a run with the Queen's Hounds from Southall to Bushey Heath; Scotsfoot, a remarkably stout horse that he bought of Mr. Richard Bevan; Paganini, upon whom he took the deer alone at Whaddon, the turn-out being at Perren's Farm below Aylesbury; King Charles, that he afterwards gave to his brother, Baron Meyer; and Grouse, by Muley Moloch. But every man possesses in his lifetime one horse very superior to all others, and with Baron Nathaniel that best horse was Foscote, a son of the celebrated hunter-sire Vampire, which he purchased of Mr. Nicoll, of Kingsbury. One of his earliest performances was in a ring round the town of Aylesbury, when Foscote jumped every brook without putting a foot wrong, Mr. Fielding, upon what he considered to be the best water-jumper in England, coming to grief twice in attempting to follow him. Foscote was a horse of great endurance, and his feat of jumping a high timber fence at the end of a long day with Baron Rothschild's hounds, when every other horse was dead beat, was always talked of by old Bill Bean to his dying day. Jem Mason was commissioned to bid Baron Nathaniel a thousand guineas for Foscote, but the money had never been coined that would have bought him. Fortunately for Baron Nathaniel, he was mounted upon Foscote in a great run from Golby's Farm with his brother's hounds, when, without dwelling a moment in the Wootton Woods, they climbed Brill Hill, and took their deer far away in the Bicester country; Roffey, the huntsman, killed his horse Little Billy, and only Mr. Crommelin upon Nonsense, and Tom Ball upon Paddy, were with Baron Nathaniel at the finish. This run measured more than twenty miles from point to point. For many years Baron Nathaniel had lived in Paris, and had been afflicted with blindness, but the remembrance of old days and old friends had never been effaced from his memory, and he delighted to talk of them. He had a few horses in training on the French Turf, but his heart was never there—it was in The Vale.

"*Our Van.*."

In the Arena.

BOTH crews may now be said to have gone into strict training, and there will in all probability be no more changing of men except through illness or other unforeseen circumstance. The Cambridge men cannot this year, at any rate, be accused of not doing their utmost to turn out a good eight, for they have been most assiduous in their endeavours to get the best men, and although they have one or two decided weak points in the boat, we feel almost inclined thus early to desert the "dark blue" for this year, and to prognosticate to the "light blue" the victory they have so gamely been for years trying to achieve; and although we feel in honour bound to have our pairs of gloves as heretofore on the "dark," none will welcome the more than probable victory of the "light" with louder cheers than the *M. A. T.*

Marston and Fenners are now, we may almost say, crowded with aspirants to pedestrian honours, and all those likely to figure prominently in their respective University sports are now in full practice. The running, at Christ's College Sports, Cambridge, of Mr. Hamilton, will give him a very good chance of the University 100 yards, as he can, with attention, improve himself one or two yards before the day. Mr. Wilson, of Oxford, ran this week in a handicap which was won by Mr. Benson, of Balliol, with five yards start; and unless Mr. Wilson can rapidly improve, he will not repeat his victories of 1869. There will be a good race at Oxford on the 9th for the Magdalen Hall 120 yards open race, in which one or two Metropolitan men will compete; but as there has been so little practice at the London grounds, we do not think any of them will be sufficiently trained. The Champion Meeting will be held, in all probability, in London, on the Monday following the University Boat Race. If this meeting is really to deserve its title, and get entries from all parts, we think the venue might be changed occasionally with advantage. As it is to be held in London this year, let it next year be held in Liverpool or Manchester, or some central place which would put all competitors on terms of greater equality. As it is now, our provincial athletes not only do not get the best information as to the details, but have in the face of this to travel hundreds of miles to meet Londoners on their own ground. No; let the venue be changed each year, and then we will venture to foretell large fields, and not the burlesque of sport as in the mile race of last year, when Mr. Chinnery's sole opponent was a schoolboy; no one, we feel sure, regretted more than Mr. Chinnery at not meeting foemen more worthy of antagonising him; but such is the fact, that the only competitors were the previous year's champion and a schoolboy. Of course the Amateur Athletic Club will argue that they run all risks of this meeting, both pecuniary and otherwise, and do not care to move from their own grounds; but we would venture to say that a champion meeting held out of the metropolis would be a very remunerative speculation, not only as regards gate money, but in large entries. Even now, if some promise were given as to changing the scene of action next year, it would have the effect of considerably increasing the number of entries from the country, and Londoners would find that all the good runners do not live in the "small village."

Cook still continues astonishing the billiard world with his large breaks, and his doing 137 consecutive spot-strokes at Aylesbury last week is by far the largest break on record. It is rumoured that John Roberts, sen., will accept the challenge of the champion to give 200 points in a match of 2,000 up. We hope he will not do so, but be content to rest on his but very slightly tarnished laurels.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

"*Grato vice veris et Favori.*"

Gone, gone at last! The Latin poet,
"*Jam diu satis*," mildly says:
He never used strong language—"Blow it!"
Would be my homely English phrase.
Gone! gone to-day, but may be back to-morrow,
To every man and beast's exceeding sorrow.

1.

A precaution to take with Episcopal Church,
Or the parson will surely be left in the lurch.

2.

On the bracelet he clasped about her arm
My name was engraven—a true love charm,
For ever and ever to shield her from harm.

3.

Forth leap th' imprisoned cubes! as I'm alive,
Behold the mystic link of six and five!
"The nick a pony!"—later, tray again
Lands me triumphant, with my favourite main.

4.

He dwells in the Paddock, methinks his name
To Paddock-privilege gives him a claim.

SOLUTION OF DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN LAST WEEK'S NUMBER.

L o T
O sti A
N apthal I
G ul L

CORRECT SOLUTIONS RECEIVED:—Whisperer; John R.; S. P. G.; Reefer.

PRINCIPAL TURF FIXTURES FOR 1870.

Liverpool Grand National (4¼ miles)	Wed., March 9.
City and Suburban (1¼ miles)	Tues., March 29.
Great Metropolitan (2¼ miles)	Wed., March 30.
Northamptonshire Stakes (2 miles)	Tues., April 5.
Newmarket Handicap (1¼ miles)	Wed., April 20.
Two Thousand Guineas (1 mile 17 yards)	Tues., May 3.
One Thousand Guineas (7 fur. 210 yards)	Thurs., May 5.
Chester Cup (2½ miles)	Wed., May 11.
The Derby (1½ miles)	Wed., June 1.
The Oaks (1½ miles)	Friday, June 3.
Ascot Stakes (2½ miles)	Tues., June 14.
Ascot Gold Cup (2½ miles)	Thurs., June 16.
Goodwood Stakes (2½ miles)	Wed., July 27.
Goodwood Cup (2½ miles)	Thurs., July 28.
Brighton Stakes (1⅝ miles)	Tues., August 2.
Brighton Cup (2 miles)	Wed., August 3.
Lewes Grand Handicap (2 miles)	Sat., August 6.
Great Ebor Handicap (2 miles)	Wed., August 24.
Great Yorkshire Stakes (1⅝ miles)	Thurs., August 25.
Doncaster St. Leger (1 mile 6 fur. 132 yds.)	Wed., Sept. 14.
Great Eastern Handicap (5 fur. 140 yds.)	Tues., Sept. 27.
October Handicap (1 mile 2 fur. 73 yds.)	Friday, Sept. 30.
Cesarewich Stakes (2 miles 2 fur. 28 yds.)	Tues., Oct. 11.
Middle Park Plate (6 furlongs)	Wed., Oct. 12.
Cambridgeshire Stakes (1 mile 240 yds.)	Tuesday, Oct. 25.

RACING AND STEEPLECHASE FIXTURES.

MARCH.

Liverpool Spring	8, 9, 10	Kingsbury	17, 18
Streatham	11, 12	Warwick Spring	22, 23, 24
Pontefract & W. Riding	14, 15	Brentwood	24
Cambridgeshire	14, 15	Enfield	25
Co. Down Steeplechases	15, 16	Epsom Spring	29, 30
West Somerset Steeplechases	16, 17	Baldoyle Steeplechases	30, 31
G. Millitary & Rugby H.	16, 17	Bromley	31, 1
		Cheltenham S. C.	31, 1

APRIL.

Northampton	5, 6	Kingsbury	18, 19
Southdown Hunt	6	Kildare Hunt	19, 20
Thirsk Spring	7, 8	Hambledon	22
West Drayton Spring	7, 8	Lewes Spring	26, 27
Aldershot Steeplechases	7, 8	Croydon Spring	28, 29
Durham	18, 19	Rothbury	28
Newmarket Craven	18–22		

MAY.

Newmarket 1st Spring	2—6	Baldoyle	17, 18
Chester	10, 11, 12, 13	Doncaster Spring	19, 20
Winchester	10, 11	Harpenden	20
Co. Louth & Ardee S.C.	10, 11	Bath	24, 25
Salisbury	12, 13	Croydon 1st Summer	26
Chelmsford	17, 18	Stamford	26, 27
York Spring	17, 18	Epsom Summer	31, 1, 2, 3

JUNE.

Wye	7	Newcastle-on-Tyne	21, 22, 23
Manchester	8, 9, 10	Newton Summer	22, 23, 24
Croydon 2nd Summer	8, 9, 10	Hampton Summer	23, 24
Ascot	14, 15, 16, 17	Bibury Club	29
Windsor June	21, 22	Stockbridge	30, 1

JULY.

Carlisle July	5, 6	Reading	12, 13
Newmarket July	5, 6, 7, 8	West Drayton Summer	14, 15
Sutton Park Summer	5, 6	Knutsford	15, 16
Worcester	7, 8	Huntingdon	19, 20
Pontefract Summer	11, 12	Kingsbury Summer	21, 22
Nottingham July	12, 13	Goodwood	26, 27, 28, 29

AUGUST.

Brighton	2, 3	Bromley	16, 17
Tiverton	3, 4	Stockton	17, 18, 19
Brighton Club	4	Oxford	18, 19
Lewes	5, 6	York August	23, 24, 25
Egham	9, 10	Plymouth	25, 26
Wolverhampton	9, 10	Scarborough	29, 30
Windsor August	11, 12	Derby Summer	30, 31
Radcliffe	12, 13	Weymouth	30, 31
Lichfield	16, 17		

LATEST LONDON BETTING.

LIVERPOOL GRAND NATIONAL.

5 to 1 agst Doctor (o.; t. 550 to 100).
100 — 12 — Colonel (t. & o.)
10 — 1 — Cristal (t.)
10 — 1 — Primrose (o.; 11 to 1 taken)
100 — 7 — Q.C. (t. & w.)
100 — 7 — Tathwell (t. & o.)
200 — 15 — Surney (o.)
100 — 6 — Gardener (t. & o.)
20 — 1 — Moose (t. & w.)
20 — 1 — Guy of Warwick (o.; 22 to 1 t.)
200 — 7 — Alcibiade (t. & o.)
200 — 7 — Cinna (o.)
100 — 3 — Thalassius (o.; t. 40 to 1.)
35 — 1 — Fan (o.; 40 to 1 t.)
40 — 1 — Hall Court (t.)
1000 — 20 — Silvermere (o.; t. 1000 to 15.)
1000 — 15 — Karslake (t.)
1000 — 15 — Lord Raglan (o.)
200 — 3 — Schiedam (t.)
2000 — 20 — Casse Tete (t.)
11 — 1 — Mr. Brayley's lot (o.; t. 12 to 1)
40 — 1 — Lord Raglan and Schiedam coupd. (t. to £75)
40 — 1 — Shciedam and Middleton (o.)
40 — 1 — Twenty-five horses (o.)

PLACE BETTING.

6 to 4 agst Doctor (o.)
3 — 1 — Primrose (t.)
7 — 2 — Q.C. (t.)
7 — 2 — Gardener (o.; 4 to 1 t. and w.)
4 — 1 — Tathwell (t. and o.)
9 — 2 — Surney (o.)
5 — 1 — Alcibiade (t.)
6 — 1 — Hall Court (t.)
100 — 15 — Thalassius (w.)
8 — 1 — Karslake (o.; t. 10 to 1)
100 — 7 — Lord Raglan (t. and o.)
100 — 6 — Schiedam (t. and o.)
100 — 5 — Middleton (o.)
3 — 1 — Mr. Brayley's lot (o.)

The Man About Town.

A CHRONICLE AND REVIEW OF THE DOINGS OF THE DAY, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

PRICE TWOPENCE.
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
In Time for the Early Morning Mails.

Office: 19, *Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C.*

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
STAMPED.

Yearly	£0 13 3
Half-yearly	0 7 0
Quarterly	0 3 6

Advertisements.

ITALIAN OPERA.—THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.—Season 1870. Full particulars will be duly announced.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.
Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. F. B. Chatterton.
Entire change of performance. Doors open at half-past six, commence at seven, and terminate at eleven. Stage Manager, Mr. Edward Stirling. Box-office open from ten till five daily.

PEEP O'DAY, the Irish Romantic Drama, will be performed THIS EVENING, at Eight o'clock.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

PEEP O'DAY.—The Pattern Fair, the Irish Jig, the Faction Fight, illustrated by 300 auxiliaries. THIS EVENING.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

PEEP-O'-DAY.—The Old Quarry, Foil Dhuiv, or Dark Valley. Startling Sensation Scene. THIS EVENING.

PEEP O'DAY, with Characteristic Scenery, by William Beverley. THIS EVENING.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

PEEP O'DAY, produced under the personal direction of F. B. Chatterton. THIS EVENING, at Eight o'clock.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

PEEP O'DAY.—Characters by Messrs. J. B. Howard, Lewis, Nanton, Barrett, J. Neville, F. Charles, C. Moore, M'Intyre, W. Fawdon Vokes, F. Vokes, J. Reynolds, Cullen, J. B. Johnstone, J. Morris, Mitchenson, Seymour, Silvani; Mesdames Edith Stuart, Barrett, Michells, Amy Roselle, Hastings, Harper, and Rosina Vokes. THIS EVENING, at Eight.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

PHOBUS'S FIX.—New Farce, in which the celebrated Vokes Family will appear. THIS EVENING, at Seven o'clock.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.
Great attraction of MR. SOTHERN'S Reappearance in Lord Dundreary.—THIS EVENING, at Seven, POPPING THE QUESTION. At twenty minutes to Eight, OUR AMERICAN COUSIN. Characters by Mr. Sothern, Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Chippendale, Mr. Braid, Mr. Rogers; Mrs. Chippendale, Miss F. Wright, Miss F. Gwynne, Miss C. Hill, &c. Concluding with DEAF AS A POST: Mr. Compton and Mrs. E. Fitzwilliam. Box-office open daily, from ten to five.

MR. SOTHERN'S REAPPEARANCE as LORD DUNDREARY.—In consequence of the great demand for places, and the crowded houses which have nightly witnessed the revival of OUR AMERICAN COUSIN, it will be performed until further notice. In rehearsal, a new and original Rustic Comedy, entitled "Barwise's Book," by Mr. H. T. Craven, Esq., in which Mr. Sothern, Mr. Buckstone, and the principal members of the company, with Mrs. Frank Matthews will appear.

SOTHERN as LORD DUNDREARY EVERY EVENING till further notice.

SOTHERN as LORD DUNDREARY EVERY EVENING till further notice.

BUCKSTONE as ASA TRENCHARD EVERY EVENING till further notice.
HAYMARKET THEATRE.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.
Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Benjamin Webster.
Novelty and Attraction.—Enthusiastic reception of Mr. Henry J. Byron in "Not such a Fool as he Looks." Production of Mr. Henry J. Byron's popular drama of "Blow for Blow."—THIS EVENING, at seven, BLOW FOR BLOW. Charley Spraggs (third time in London), Mr. Henry J. Byron; Messrs. J. D. Beveridge, C. H. Stephenson, Arthur Stirling; Miss Furtado, Miss Eliza Johnstone, Miss Lavis, and Miss M. Harris. To conclude with NOT SUCH A FOOL AS HE LOOKS. Mr. H. J. Byron, Messrs. G. Belmore, J. D. Beveridge, C. H. Stephenson; Miss Lavis, Mrs. Leigh Murray, and Miss M. Harris. Box-office open from ten till five; no fees for booking.

MR. HENRY J. BYRON THIS EVENING, in his popular personation of SIR SIMON SIMPLE.
ADELPHI THEATRE.

NOT SUCH A FOOL AS HE LOOKS, THIS EVENING, and for a few nights only, in consequence of the production of a new and original Drama, in four acts, by Henry J. Byron, in which the author and Mr. Benjamin Webster will perform.
ADELPHI THEATRE.

MR. BYRON'S PERFORMANCE of SIR SIMON SIMPLE having been most enthusiastically received, Mr. Webster begs to announce its repetition every evening until further notice.—This EVENING, H. J. Byron's celebrated Drama, BLOW FOR BLOW, in which the Author will appear as Charley Spraggs.
ADELPHI THEATRE.

BLOW FOR BLOW.—Third time, THIS EVENING. Charley Spraggs, Mr. Henry J. Byron; Alice and Mildred, Miss Furtado.
ADELPHI THEATRE.

GAIETY THEATRE, Strand.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. John Hollingshead.—At 7, Operetta, THE HAPPY VILLAGE. Miss Loseby, Miss Tremaine; Mr. Perrini, Mr. Teesdale, &c. 7.45 (69th time), Mr. H. J. Byron's successful three-act Drama, UNCLE DICK'S DARLING. Mr. J. L. Toole, Miss Neilson, Mr. H. Irving, Mr. J. Clayton. And 9.45, Mr. G. A. Sala's successful Operatic Extravaganza, WAT TYLER, M.P. (63rd night). Two Ballets, company of 200. Mr. J. L. Toole, Miss Loseby, &c. Splendid dresses and scenery. No fees. Prices, 6d. to 2 guineas. Box-office open from ten to five.

GAIETY.—Mr. J. L. TOOLE, EVERY NIGHT.

GAIETY.—Miss NEILSON, EVERY NIGHT.

GAIETY.—LAST NIGHTS of WAT TYLER, in consequence of existing engagements.

GAIETY THEATRE.—"The Violet and the Zephyr," This charming pastoral Ballad will be SUNG by Miss CONSTANCE LOSEBY, EVERY EVENING, in "The Happy Village."

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Mrs. JOHN WOOD as H.R.H. the Princess Pocahontas, in the Grand Indian Burlesque, LA BELLE SAUVAGE. "A brilliant success."—Times. "An immense success." Standard.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—84th Night of LA BELLE SAUVAGE. Flutter Song—Dutchman's Wee Dog—Britannia's Bend—Mammoth Sunflower—The Velocipede. "A decided success."—The Daily Telegraph. "Most legitimate success."—Daily News.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—119th Night of SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER, with new scenery, dresses, and appointments, at 7 o'clock. At 9.15, LA BELLE SAUVAGE. Scene 1. Immigration. Scene 2. Examination. Scene 3. Intimidation. Scene 4. Recreation. Scene 5. Preservation. To conclude with AN UNHAPPY PAIR. Box-office open from ten till five.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Under the Management of Messrs. Mansell (elegantly redecorated by MacIntosh).
THIS EVENING, the performances will commence at half-past seven, with TWENTY MINUTES WITH A TIGER: Messrs. Coghlan, Odell, Wilmot; Mesdames Rignold and Morgan. After which, a three-act Opera Bouffe, in English, entitled CHILPERIC, by Hervé, in which the following powerful company will appear:—Messrs. M. Marius (from the Folies Dramatiques, Paris), G. Vincent, J. Odell, E. Lapierre, Farquharson, Coghlan, and M. Hervé; Mesdames Dolaro, Fitzalman, Romanelli, Nellie Nesbitt, M. Dolby, S. Rignold, S. Lawson, L. Morgan, J. Lee, D'Etienne, B. Linden, L. Wilson, R. Egerton, Lily Bell, and Emily Muir. Band and chorus selected from the Opera Houses. Conductor, Mr. Frank Musgrave. Groupings and Ballet by Milano. Dresses by Mr. S. May and assistants. Scenery by Grieve and Son. Doors open at half-past six, commence at seven. Box-office open daily, under the direction of Mr. Nugent.

ROYALTY THEATRE.—Under the Management of Miss M. Oliver—her Farewell Season at this Theatre. 7.30, LOVE'S DOCTOR; 9.0, THE FLYING DUTCHMAN and RELY ON MY DISCRETION. Mr. Vernon.

ASTLEY'S.—TO-NIGHT (Saturday), March 5th.

ASTLEY'S.—The GREAT TRAGEDIANS.

ASTLEY'S.—Mr. PHELPS.

ASTLEY'S.—Mr. HERMANN VEZIN.

ASTLEY'S.—Mrs. HERMANN VEZIN.

ASTLEY'S.—Mr. C. HARCOURT.

ASTLEY'S.—TO-NIGHT, OTHELLO.

ASTLEY'S.—OTHELLO, Mr. PHELPS.

ASTLEY'S.—IAGO, Mr. HERMANN VEZIN.

ASTLEY'S.—CASSIO, Mr. HARCOURT.

ASTLEY'S.—DESDEMONA, Mrs. VEZIN.

ASTLEY'S.—E. T. SMITH has the honour to announce ENGAGEMENTS with the above TALENTED ARTISTES and a first-rate Company. They will appear this (Saturday) evening, March 5. No increase of prices. Pit, 1s., &c.

QUEEN'S.—Great and Legitimate Success of Tom Taylor's Historical Play, in Five Acts, 'TWIXT AXE AND CROWN; or, The Lady Elizabeth. With entirely new Scenery by Messrs. George Gorden and W. Phillips. Orchestra stalls, 7s.

QUEEN'S.—'TWIXT AXE AND CROWN.—Mr. Rousby, Mr. Ryder, Mr. H. Marston, Mr. W. Bedford, Mr. G. Rignold, Mr. A. Nelson, Miss Georgina Pauncefort, Miss M. Henderson, Mrs. H. Vandenhoff, and Mrs. Rousby. Balcony, 5s.

QUEEN'S.—'TWIXT AXE AND CROWN.—The Great Gallery at St. James's—The Tower Room in the Lieutenant's Lodgings—Great Hall of Hatfield House. Box stalls, 2s. 6d.; pit, 1s. 6d.; amphitheatre, 1s.; gallery, 6d.

QUEEN'S.—'TWIXT AXE AND CROWN; or, The Lady Elizabeth. Mr. and Mrs. Rousby every evening.

QUEEN'S.—'TWIXT AXE AND CROWN.—Places can be booked a fortnight in advance. Box-office open daily from ten till five.

PRINCE OF WALES'S ROYAL THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Miss MARIE WILTON.—THIS EVENING at eight o'clock, will be performed SCHOOL, written by T. W. Robertson, the author of "Society," "Ours," "Caste," and "Play." Messrs. Hare, H. J. Montague, Addison, Glover, and Bancroft; Mrs. Buckingham White, Miss Carlotta Addison, and Miss Blanche Wilton. Act 1. Recreation. Act 2. Examination. Act 3. Flirtation. Act 4. Realisation. The scenery has been repainted by Mr. Hawes Craven. At 7.30, DEAREST MAMMA, Messrs. Addison, Montgomery, Terriss. Mesdames B. White, Augusta and B. Wilton. Conclude with QUITE BY ACCIDENT. Messrs. Montague, Collette, and Miss Addison. Box-office hours eleven till five.

BOSS AND CO.,
ST. JAMES'S STREET,
BREECH GUN AND RIFLE MAKERS.

GO WITH THE TIMES.

THE PUBLIC, who wish to ADVERTISE in any Newspaper, should go to
POTTLE AND SON'S
GENERAL ADVERTISING OFFICES,
14 and 15, ROYAL EXCHANGE.
Correctness and promptitude guaranteed.

BREECH-LOADERS at
WHISTLERS', 11, STRAND.

BREECH-LOADERS,
CENTRAL FIRE AND PIN.

BREECH-LOADERS from
£10 10s. upwards.

BREECH-LOADERS, by
BEST LONDON MAKERS.
A descriptive Catalogue and Price-list forwarded on receipt of three stamps.
11, STRAND.

THE NEW VADE MECUM (Invented and Manufactured by CHARLES H. VINCENT, Optician, of 23, WINDSOR STREET, LIVERPOOL) consists of a TELESCOPE well adapted for Tourists, &c., to which is added an excellent MICROSCOPE of great power and first-class definition, quite equal to others sold at ten times the price. Wonderful as it may seem, the price of this ingenious combination is only 3s. 6d., and Mr. Vincent sends it (carriage free) anywhere, with printed directions, upon receipt of Post-office Order or Stamps to the amount of 3s. 10d. It astonishes and delights every person, and nobody should be without one. Address as above.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES
OF THE
REIGN OF GEORGE THE SECOND.
By Mrs. OLIPHANT.
In 2 vols., post 8vo., price 21s.
WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, Edinburgh and London.

THE "GOODENOUGH" PATENT HORSESHOES.
The "Goodenough" system is a complete success.
Over 30,000 horses are shod on it.
Three hundred farriers have already adopted it.
Sample cases, with full instructions, £1 1s., containing model, patent rasp, 16 shoes, any size, nails, &c.
For particulars, list of farriers, prices, &c., apply to E. J. Harrison, secretary, 114, Cannon-street, London, E.C.

MEERSCHAUM
L. A. HART,
24, ST. SWITHINS LANE, E.C.
PIPE
AND
66, HIGH ST. GRAVESEND.
MANUFACTORY.
THE LARGEST AND MOST SELECT STOCK IN LONDON.
REPAIRS ON THE PREMISES.

CHRISTINE WALTZ. Played at Her Majesty's State Ball. By DAN GODFREY (composer of the Guards', Mabel, Hilda, and Belgravia Waltzes). Illustrated with a portrait of Mdlle. Christine Nilsson as Ophelia, in "Hamlet," to whom it is dedicated by permission. Price 2s., post free.
CHAPPELL & CO., 50, New Bond-street.

A WEDNESDAY MILITARY PAPER, 2d. Stamped, 3d. Containing also all the Naval News. See the NAVAL AND MILITARY GAZETTE, published every Wednesday and Saturday Morning. 19, Catherine-street, Strand. The best record of profes ional information.

HISTORY OF THE BRITISH ARMY, and all the Military and Naval News of the Week, 2d.; stamped, 3d. Every Wednesday and Saturday. See the NAVAL AND MILITARY GAZETTE. 19, Catherine-street, Strand.

PIANOFORTES for HIRE and for SALE, from 25 guineas, upwards. JOHN BROADWOOD & SONS, 33, Great Poulteney-street, Golden-square, W.
Manufactory—Horseferry-road, Westminster.

E. T. SMITH'S CREMORNE BRANCH, 1, NEW COVENTRY STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE. Luncheons from 1 till 3—Dinners from 3 till 9—Suppers from 9 till 1.

TO BACHELORS and GENTLEMEN DINING OUT ON SUNDAYS. A TABLE D'HOTE at Seven precisely, 2s. 6d., consisting of Soups, Fish, Entrées, Joints, Sweets, Cheese, &c., at E. T. SMITH'S, 1, New Coventry-street, Leicester-square.

BY ROYAL COMMAND.
JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.
Sold by all Dealers throughout the World.

WOODWARD'S
CENTRAL-FIRE GUNS,
WITH PATENT SELF-HALF-COCKING LOCKS,
Are acknowledged by all who have shot with them to be the most perfect weapons in use.
J. WOODWARD begs to call the attention of noblemen, gentlemen, and the sporting world in general, who are about to build guns for the ensuing season, to the SELF-HALF-COCKING LOCK, which he has used for the last two years with the greatest success.
The mechanism is of the greatest simplicity; no extra limb or spring of any kind is used, therefore cannot get out of order.
One of the numerous advantages is that the loader has never to touch the locks, the gun always being at half-cock.
Again, in letting the hammer from full cock to half, no accidental explosion can possibly happen.
J. W. solicits an early inspection of his Stock of Guns and Rifles.
JAMES WOODWARD,
GUN AND RIFLE MANUFACTURER,
64, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.

YEATMAN'S YEAST POWDER makes delicious and wholesome bread in a few minutes; pastry and puddings without eggs or butter. Used in Her Majesty's kitchen. Recommended by the medical faculty. Sold everywhere.
Depôt, 119, New Bond-street, W. Superior to Baking Powder.

USE ONLY THE GLENFIELD STARCH.

COUGHS, COLDS, DEBILITY, &c.—LOEFLUND'S LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MALT, a new dietetic preparation for all pulmonary complaints. Used at several hospitals, and strongly recommended by the faculty. Bottles 1s. 9d. each. All chemists. Crosse and Blackwell, Barclay and Sons, Edwards, Sanger, and Van Abbott, Invalid and Infant Dietetic Depôt and Wine Merchant, 5, Princes-street, Cavendish-square, W.

BRAGG'S VEGETABLE CHARCOAL, or Pure Carbon Biscuits. A nutritious, pleasant, and healthful diet, which has produced great benefit and positive relief to thousands of sufferers from indigestion, bile, acidity, foul breath, dyspepsia, heartburn, worms, &c. There is medical testimony to its beneficent effects in those complaints.
Sold in tins, 1s., 2s., 4s., and 8s. each, by all Chemists, and by the Manufacturer, J. L. BRAGG, 14 (late 2), Wigmore-street, Cavendish-square.

"A GEM FROM INDIA."
THE LATEST NOVELTY IN PERFUMES.
TRADE MARK.
KHOOSH BHOO,
An Oriental Perfume of exquisite fragrance and durability. Under distinguished patronage. Prepared by
S. LACEY, CHEMIST,
21, VASSALL ROAD, BRIXTON, LONDON, S.W.
Protected by the Inventor's Trade Mark, and sold in Stoppered Bottles at 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 7s. 6d. each; and larger quantities to order of the Proprietor, S. LACEY, Chemist and Dentist, 21, Vassall-road, North Brixton, S.W.; and Wholesale of his Agents, Messrs. Barclay & Sons, 95, Farringdon-street, E.C.

Printed by AUGUSTUS WINTER, at 3, 4 & 5, Suffolk-lane, Cannon-street, in the Parish of Allhallows the Great, in the City of London; and published for the Proprietors at 19, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, in the Parish of St. Paul, in the City of Westminster.—MARCH 5, 1870.